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FOR THE DEMOCRAT.

SUMMER.

Peaceful Summer 'll soon return again,
And nature smile on every hill and plain;
The warming sun, the genial shower and breeze
Dress in their choicest garb the earth and trees;
The slow ascending hills with pleasure view,
And vales below, and groves of verdent hue.
The Fields o'erspread in growing lustre seen,
Look cheerful all around, a lively green.
The air salubrious, and clear the morn,—
In cheering prospect wave the grain and corn.
And every plant maturing fast we see
In vegetable life, the vine, the tree
Seem bending 'neath luxurious burthens o'er,
To supply the caterer with a golden store.
The garden too, will please the inquiring mind
And satisfy the taste of every kind.
Midst other gems the sweetly scented rose
With varied hues in pride and beauty blows.
And flocks and herds on every side are seen
Peaceful grazing on the fertile green.
And bleating lambs select a wholesome shade,
Gambol and play and crop the verdant blade.
The cheerful warblers shrubs and trees adorn
And singingly hail the pleasant morn.
And gently moving with a distant sound
The crystal stream will wind their waters round,
Through woods and groves a constant course pursue;
Their borders dress'd with plants of various hue;
Where wild flowers and blossoms like the rose,
And nature smiles with sweet and lov'd repose.
Such scenes are charming to the observing eye,
But like all others, fade away and die.

Paris, May, 1839 C.....

From Bentley's Miscellany.

THE LOCKSMITH OF PHILADELPHIA.

BY PEREGRINE.

In the sober-looking city of Philadelphia there dwelt, some years ago, an ingenious and clever mechanic named Amos Sparks, by trade a locksmith. Nature had blessed him with a peculiar turn for the branch of business to which he had been bred. Not only was he skilled in the manufacture and repair of the various articles that in America are usually regarded as "in the locksmith line;" but prompted by desire to master the more abstruse intricacies of the business, he had studied it so attentively, and with such distinguished success, that his proficiency was the theme of admiration, not only with his customers and the neighborhood, but all who took an interest in mechanical contrivances in the adjoining towns. His counter was generally strewed with various kinds of fastenings for doors, trunks, and desks, which nobody but himself could open; and no lock was ever presented to Amos that he could not pick in a very short time. Like many men of talent in other departments, Amos Sparks was poor.—Though a very industrious and prudent man, with a small and frugal family, he merely eked out a comfortable existance, but never seemed to accumulate property. Whether it was that he was not of the race of money-grubs, whose instinctive desire of accumulation forces them to earn and hoard without a thought beyond the mere means of acquisition, or whether the time occupied by the prosecution of new inquiries into still undiscovered regions of his favorite pursuit, and in conversation with those who came to inspect and admire the fruits of his ingenuity, were the cause of his poverty, we cannot undertake to determin; but, perhaps, various causes combined to keep his finances low, and it was quite as notorious in the city that Amos Sparks was a poor man, as that he was an ingenious and decent mechanic. But his business was sufficient for the supply of his wants, and those of his family, so he studied and worked on, and was content.

It happened that in the autumn of 18—, a merchant in the city, whose business was rather extensive, and who had been bustling about the Quay and on board his vessels all the morning, returned to his counting-house to lodge several thousand dollars in the Philadelphia bank, to retire some paper falling due that day, when, to his surprise, he found that he had either lost or mislaid the key of his iron chest.—After diligent search, with no success, he was led to conclude that, in drawing out his handkerchief, he had dropped the key in the street, or perhaps into the dock. What was to be done?—it was one o'clock,—the bank closed at three, and there was no time to advertise the key or to muster so large a som as that required. In his perplexity the merchant thought of the poor locksmith: he had often heard of Amos Sparks; the case seemed one peculiarly adapted to a trail of his powers, and being a desperate one, if he could not furnish a remedy, where else was there reasonably expectation of succor? A clerk was hurried off for Amos, and having explained the difficulty, speedily re-appeared followed by the locksmith, with his implements in his hand. A few minutes sufficed to open the chest, and the astonished merchant glanced from the rolls of bank-notes and piles of coin strewed along the bottom, to the clock in the corner of the office, which told him that he had still three-quarters of an hour, with a feeling of delight and exclamation, like one who had escaped from an unexpected dilemma by a lucky thought, and who felt that his credit was secure even from a momentary breath of suspicion.—He fancied he felt generous as well as glad, and determined that it should be a cash transaction.

"How much is to pay, Amos?' said he, thursting his hand into his pocket.

"Five dollars, sir," said Sparks.

"Five dollars! why, you are mad, man; you have not been five minutes doing the job.—Come," (the genuine spirit of traffic overcoming the better feelings which had momentary possession of his bosom,) "I'll give you five shillings."

"It is true," replied the locksmith, "that much time has not been employed; but remember how many long years I have been learning to do such a job in five minutes, or even to do it at all. A doctor's visit may last but one minute,—the service he renders may be but doubtful when all is done,—and yet his fee would be as great if not greater than mine. You should be willing to purchase my skill, humble as it may be; as you would purchase any other commodity in the market, by what it is worth to you."

"Worth to me," said the merchant, with a sneer; "well, I think it was worth five shillings; I could have got a new key made for that, or perhaps might have found the old one."

"But could you have got the one made, or found the other, in time to retire your note at the bank? Had I been disposed to wrong you, taking advantage of your haste and perplexity, I might have bargained for a much large sum, and as there is not another man in the city who could have opened the chest, you would gladly have given me double the amount I now claim."

"Double the amount! why, the man's a fool! Here are the five shillings," said the merchant, holding them in his hand, with the air of a rich man taking advantage of a poor one who could not help himself; "and if you do not choose to take them, why, you may sue as soon as you please, for my time is too precious just now to spend in a matter so trifling."

"I never sued a man in my life," said Sparks; "and I have lost much by the forbearance.—But," added he, the trodden worm of a meek spirit beginning to recoil, "you are rich—and able to pay; and although I will not sue you, pay you shall."

The words were scarcely spoken, when he dashed down the lid of the chest, and in a moment the strong staples were firmly clasped by the bolts below, and the gold and bank-notes were hidden as effectually as though they had vanished like the ill-gotten hoards in the fairy-tale.

The merchant stood aghast. He looked at Amos, and then darted a glance at the clock; the hand was within twenty minutes of three, and seemed posting over the figures with the speed of light. What was to be done? At first he tried to bully, but it would not do.—Amos told him if he had sustained any injury, "he might sue as soon as he pleased, for that his time was too precious just now to be wasted in trifling affairs," and with a face of unruffled composure, he turned on his heel and was leaving the office.

The merchant called him back; he had no alternative,—his credit was at stake,—half the city would swear that he had lost the key to gain time, and because there was no money in the chest; he was humbled by the necessity of the cause, and handing forth the five dollars, "There, Sparks," said he, "take your money, and let us have no more words."

"I must have ten dollars now," replied the locksmith: "you would have taken advantage of a poor man; and, besides opening your strong box there, I have a lesson to give you which is well worth a trifling sum. You would not only have deprived me of what had been fairly earned, but have tempted me into a lawsuit which would have ruined my family. You will never in future presume upon your wealth in your dealings with the poor without thinking of the locksmith, and these five dollars may save you much sin and much reprentance."

This homily, besides being preached in a tone of calm deliberation which left no room to hope for any abatement, had exhausted another minute or two of the time already so precious; for the minutes, like the Sibyl's books, increased in value as they diminished in number. The merchant hurriedly counted out the ten dollars, which Amos deliberately inspected, to see that they belonged to no broken bank, and then deposited in his breeches pocket.

"For Heaven's sake, be quick, man! I would not have the bank close before this money is paid for fifty dollars!" exclaimed the merchant.

"I thought so," was the blacksmith's grave reply; but not being a malicious or vindictive man, and satisfied with the punishment already inflicted, he delayed no longer, but opened the chest, giving its owner time to seize the cash and reach the bank, after a rapid flight, a few minutes before it closed.

About a month after this affair, the Philadelphia bank was robbed of coin and notes to the amount of fifty thousand dollars. The bars of a window had been cut, and the vault entered so ingeniously, that it was evident that the burglar had possessed, besides daring courage, a good deal of mechanical skill. The police scoured the city and country round about, but no clue to the discovery of the robbery could be traced. Every body who had any thing to lose, felt that daring and ingenious felons were abroad who might probably pay them a visit, all were therefore interested in their discovery and conviction. Suspicion at length began to settle on Sparks. But yet his poverty and known integrity seemed to give them the lie.—The story of the iron chest, which the merchant had hitherto been ashamed and Amos too forgiving to tell, for the latter did not care to set the town laughing even at the man who had wronged him, now began to be noised abroad. The merchant, influenced by a vindictive spirit, had whispered it to the directors of the bank, with sundry shrugs and inuendoes, and, of course, it soon spread far and wide, with all sorts of exaggerated variations and additions. Amos thought for several days that some of his neighbors looked and acted rather oddly, and he missed one of two who used to drop in and chat almost every afternoon; but, not suspecting for a moment that there was any cause for altered behaviour, these matters made but a slight impression on his mind. In all such cases the person most interested is the last to hear disagreeable news; and the first hint that the locksmith got of the universal suspicion, was from the officer of the police, who came with a party of constables to search his premises. Astonishment and grief were, of course, the portion of Amos and his family for that day. The first shock to a household who had derived, even amidst their humble poverty, much satisfaction from the possession of a good name—a property they had been taught to value above all earthly treasures—may be easily conceived. To have defrauded a neighbor of sixpence would have been a meanness no one of them would have been guilty of,—but fifty thousand dollars! the immensity of the sum seemed to clothe the suspicion with a weight of terror that nearly pressed them to the earth.—They clung to each other, with bruised and fluttered spirits, while the search was proceeding, and it was not until it was completed, and the officer declared himself satisfied that there was none of the missing property on the premises, that they began to rally and look calmly at the circumstances which seemed, for the moment, to menace the peace and security they had hitherto enjoyed.

"Cheer up, my darlings!" said Amos, who was the first to recover the sobriety of thought that usually characterised him,—"cheer up! all will yet be well; it is impossible that this unjust suspicion can long hover about us. A life of honesty and fair dealing will not be without its reward; there was perhaps something in my trade, and skill which long practice had given me in it, that naturally enough led the credulous, the thoughtless, and perhaps the mischievous, if any such there be connected with this inquiry, to look toward us. But the real authors of this outrage will probably be, discovered soon; for a fraud so extensive will make all parties vigilant, and if not, why then, when our neighbors see us toiling at our usual occupations, with no evidence of increased wealth or lavish expenditure on our persons or at our board, and remember how many years we were so occupied, and so attired, without a suspicion of wrong doing, even in small matters, attaching to us, there will be good sense and good feeling enough in the city to do justice."

There was sound sense and much consolation in this reasoning; obvious probabilities of the case were in favor of the fulfilment of the locksmith's expectations. But a scene of trial and excitement, of prolonged agony and hope deferred, lay before him, the extent, of which it would have been difficult if not impossible for him then to have foreseen. Foiled in the search, the directors of the bank sent one of their body to negotiate with Amos, to offer him a large sum of money, and a guarantee from further molestation, if he would confess, restore the property, and give up his accomplices, if any there were. It was in vain that he protested his innocence, and avowed his abhorrence of the crime; the banker rallied him on the assumed composure, and threatened him with consequences, until the locksmith, who had not been accustomed to dialogues, founded on the presumption that he was a villain, ordered his tormenter out of his shop, with the spirit of a man who, though poor, was resolved to preserve his self-respect, and protect the sanctity of his dwelling from impertinent and insulting intrusion.

The banker retired, baffled, and threatning vengeance. A consultation was held, and it was finally determined to arrest Sparks, and commit him to prison, in the hope that by shutting him up, and separating him from his family and accomplices, he would be less upon his guard against the collection of evidence necessary to a conviction, and perhaps be frightened into terms, or induced to make a full confession. This was a severe blow to the family. They could have borne much together, for mutual counsel and sympathy can soothe many of the ills of life; but to be divided—to have the strongest mind, around which the feebler ones had been accustomed to cling, carried away captive to brood in solitary confinement on an unjust accusation, was almost too much, when coupled with the cloud of suspicion that seemed to gather around their home, and infect the very air they breathed. The privations forced upon them by the want of the locksmith's earnings were borne without a murmur; and out of the little that could be mustered, a portion was always reserved to buy some trifling but unexpected comfort or luxury to carry to the prison.

Some months having passed without Sparks having made any confession, or the discovery of any new fact whereby his guilt might be established, his persecutors found themselves reluctantly compelled to bring him to trial. They had not a tittle of evidence, except some strange locks and implements found in the shop; and which proved the talent, but not the guilt, of the mechanic. Yet these were so various, and executed with such elaborate art, and such an evident expenditure of labor, that but few either of the judges, jury, or spectators, could be persuaded that a man so poor would have devoted himself so sedulously to such an employment unless he had some other object in view than mere instruction or amusement. His friends and neighbors gave him an excellent character; but, on their cross-examination, all admitted his entire devotion to his favorite pursuit. The counsel for the bank exerted himself with consummate ability: calculating in some degree on the state of the public mind, and the influence which vague rumros coupled with the evidences of the mechanic's handicraft exhibited in court, might have on the mind of the jury, he dwelt upon every ward and winding, on the story of the iron chest, on the evident poverty of the locksmith, and yet his apparent waste of time, if all this work were not intended to ensure success in some vast design. He believed that a verdict would be immediately followed by a confession, for he thought Amos guilty; and he succeeded in making the belief pretty general among his audience. Some of the jury were half inclined to speculate on the probabilities of a profession; and, swept away by the current of suspicion, were not indisposed to convict without evidence, in order that the result might do credit to their penetration. But this was impossible, even in an American court of justice in the good old times of which we write. Hanging persons on suspicion, and acquitting felons because the mob think murder no crime, are modern inventions. The charge of the judge was clear and decisive: he admitted that there were grounds of suspicion—that there were circumstances connected with the prisoner's peculiar mode of life that were not reconcilable with the lowness of his finances; but yet, of direct testimony, there was not a vestige, and of circumstantial evidence there were not only links wanting in the chain, but in fact there was not a single link extending beyond the locksmith's dwelling. Sparks was accordingly acquitted; but as no other clue was found to direct suspicion, it still lay upon him like a cloud. The vindictive merchant and the dissatisfied bankers did not hesitate to declare that, although the charge could not be legally brought home, they had no doubt whatever of his guilt. This opinion was taken up and reiterated, until thousands, who were too careless to investigate the story, were satisfied that Amos was a rogue. How could the character of a poor man hold out against the slanders of so many rich ones?

Amos rejoiced in his acquittal as one who felt that the jury had performed a solemn duty faithfully, and who was glad to find that his personal experience had strengthened, rather than impaired, his reliance on the tribunals of his country. He embraced his family, as one snatched from great responsibility and peril, and his heart overflowed with thankfulness when at night they were all once more assembled round the fireside, the scene of so much happiness and unity in other days. But Amos felt that, though acquitted by the jury, he was not by the town. He saw that in the faces of some of the jury, and most of the audience, which he was too shrewd an observer to misunderstand. He wished it were otherwise; but he was contented to take his chance of some subsequent revelation, and if it came not, of living down the foul suspicion which Providence had permitted, for some wise purpose, to hover for a time around his name.

But Amos had never thought of how he was to live. The cold looks, averted faces, and rude scandal of the neighborhood, could be borne, because really there was some excuse to be found in the circumstances, and because he hoped that there would be a joyful ending of it all at some future day. But the loss of custom first opened his eyes to his real situation. No work came to his shop: he made articles, but could not sell them; and, as the little money he had saved was necessarily exhausted in the unavoidable expenses of the trial the family found it impossible, with the utmost exertion and economy, to meet their current outlay; one article of furniture after another was reluctantly sacrificed, or some little comfort abridged, until, at the end of months of degradation and absolute distress, their bare board was spread within bare walls, and it became necessary to beg, to starve, or to remove. The latter expedient had often been suggested in family consultations, and it is one that in America is the common remedy for all great calamities. If a man fails in a city on the seaboard, he removes to Ohio; if a clergyman offers violence to a fair parishioner, he removes to Albany, where he soon becomes "very much respected;" if a man in Michigan whips a bowie-knife between a neighbor's ribs, he removes to Missouri. So that, in fact, a removal is "the sovereign'st thing on earth" for all great and otherwise overwhelming evils. The Sparks would have removed, but they still clung to the hope that the real perpetrator would be discovered, and the mystery cleared up; and, besides, they thought it would be an acknowledgment of the justice of the general suspicion, if they turned their backs and fled. They lived upon the expectation of the renewed confidence and companionship of old friends and neighbors when Providence should deem it right to draw the veil aside. But to live longer in Philadelphia was impossible, and the whole family prepared to depart; their effects were easily transported, and, as they had no credit since the arrest, there was nobody to prevent them from seeking a livelihood elsewhere.

Embarking in one of the river boats, they passed up the Schuylkill, and settled at Norristown. The whole family being industrious and obliging, they soon began to gather comforts around them; and as these were not embittered by the cold looks and insulting sneers of the vicinage, they were comparatively happy for a time. But even here there was for them no permanent place of rest. A merchant passing through Norristown, on his way from the capital to the Blue Mountains, recognised Sparks, and told somebody he knew that he wished the community joy of having added to the number of its inhabitants the notorious locksmith of Philadelphia. The news soon spread; the family found that they were shunned as they had formerly been by those who had known them longer than the good people of Norristown, and had a fair prospect of starvation opening before them. They removed again. This time there was no inducement to linger, for they had no local attachments to detain them. They crossed the mountains, and descending into the vale of the Susquehanna, pitched their tent at Sunbury. Here the same temporary success excited the same hopes, only to be blighted in the bud by the breath of slander, which seemed so widely circulated as to leave them hardly any asylum within the limits of the State. We need not enumerate the different towns and villages in which they essayed to gain a livelihood, were suspected, shunned, and foiled. They had nearly crossed the State in its whole length; been driven from Pittsburgh, and were slowly wending their way further west and were standing on the high ground overlooking Middleton, as though doubtful if there was to be rest for the soles of their feet even there; they hesitated to try a new experiment. Sparks seated himself on a stone beneath a spreading sycamore—his family clustered around him on the grass—they had travelled far and were weary; & without speaking a word, as their eyes met, and they thought of their prolonged sufferings and slender hopes, they burst into a flood of tears, in which Sparks, burying his face in the golden locks of the sweet girl who bowed her head upon his knee, joined audibly.

At length, wiping away his tears, and checking his rising sobs that shook his manly bosom, "God's will be done, my children," said the locksmith, "we cannot help weeping, but let us not murmur. Our Heavenly Father has tried and is trying us, doubtless for some wise purpose; and if we are still to be wanderers and outcasts on the earth, let us never lose sight of his promise, which assures us of an eternal refuge in a place where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest. I was perhaps too proud of that skill of mine; too apt to plume myself upon it above others whose gifts had been less abundant; to take all the credit, and give none to Him by whom the human brain is wrought into mysterious adaptation to particular sciences and pursuits. My error has been that of wiser and greater men, who have been made to feel that what we cherish as the richest of earthly blessings sometimes turns out a curse."

To dissipate the gloom which hung over the whole party, and beguile the half-hour that they intended to rest in that sweet spot, Mrs. Sparks drew out a Philadelphia newspaper, which somebody had given her upon the road, and called their attention to the deaths and marriages, that they might see what changes were taking place in a city that still interested them, though they were banished for ever from its borders. She had hardly opened the paper when her eye glanced at an article which she was too much excited to read. Amos, wondering at the emotion dispalyed, gently disengaged the paper, and read, "*Bank robber—Sparks not the man.*" His own feelings were as powerfully affected as his wife's, but his nerves were stronger, and he read out to an audience, whose ears devoured every syllable of glad tidings, an account of the conviction of a wretch in Albany, and who had confessed, among other daring and heinous crimes, the robbery of the Philadelphia bank; accounting for the property, and entirely exonerating Sparks, whose face he had never seen. These were "glad

tidings of great joy" to the weary wayfarers beneath the sycamore, whose hearts overflowed with thankfulness to the Father of Mercies, who had given them strength to bear the burden of affliction, and had lifted it from their spirits ere they had been crushed beneath the weight.—Their resolution to return to their native city was formed at once: and before a week had passed they were slowly journeying toward the capital of the State.

Meanwhile an extraordinary revolution of feeling had taken place at Philadelphia. Newspapers, and other periodicals, which had formerly been loud in condemnation of the locksmith, now blazoned abroad the robber's confession, wondered how any man could even have been for a moment suspected upon such evidence as was adduced upon the trial; drew pictures of the domestic felicity once enjoyed by the Sparkes, and then painted—partly from what was known of the reality, and partly from imagination, their sufferings, privations, and wrongs, in the pilgrimage they had performed in fleeing from an unjust, but damnatory accusation. The whole city rang with the story; old friends and neighbors, who had been the first to cut them, now became the loud and vehement partisans of the family. Everybody was anxious to know where they were. Some reported that they had perished in the woods; others that they had been burnt in a praire; while not a few believed that the locksmith, driven to desperation, had first destroyed his family, and then himself. All these stories of course created as much excitement as the robbery of the bank had done before, only that this time the tide set the other way; and, by the time the poor locksmith and his family, who had been driven like vagabonds from the city, approached its suburbs, they were met, congratulated, and followed by thousands, to whom from the strange vicissitudes of their lot, they had become objects of interest. In fact, theirs was almost a triumphal entry; and, as the public always like to have a victim, they were advised on all hands to bring an action against the directors of the bank; large damages would it was affirmed, be given, and the bank deserved to suffer for the causeless ruin brought on a poor but industrious family.

Sparks was reluctant to engage in any such proceedings; his character was vindicated, his business —he occupied his own shop, and his family were comfortable and content. But the current of public opinion was too strong for him. All Philadelphia had determined that the bankers should pay. An eminent lawyer volunteered to conduct his suit, and make no charge, if a liberal verdict were not obtained. The locksmith pondered the matter well; his own wrongs he freely forgave; but he thought that there had been a readiness to secure the interests of a wealthy corporation, by blasting the prospects of a humble mechanic, which, for the good of society, ought not to pass unrebuked; he felt that the moral effect of such a prosecution would be salutary, teaching the rich not to presume too far upon their affluence, and cheering the hearts of the poor while suffering unmerited persecution. The suit was commenced, and argued to trial, notwithstanding several attempts at compromise on the part of the bank. The pleading on both sides were able and ingenious; but the counsel for the defendant had a theme worthy of the fine powers he possessed; and, at the close of a pathetic and eloquent declamation, the audience, which had formerly condemned Amos in their hearts without evidence, were melted to tears by the recital of his sufferings; and, when the jury returned with a verdict of ten thousand dollars damages against the bank, the locksmith was honored by a ride home on their shoulders, amidst a hurricane of cheers.

From the Bangor Democrat.

The following communication was sent by Capt. Rines to the Whig and Courier for publication. It is in answer to remarks which the editors saw fit to perfix to a letter addressed to them by this gentlman, denying the truth of their gratuitous allegations, and corroborating our "statement of facts." But after having been CONVICTED of publishing untruths, the Whig comes out in the most brazen-faced and shameless manner and declares that it *will not recant*. We did not expect an honorable recantation—we were entirely convinced that it would not make the *amende honorable*, but we had supposed that it possessed more *decency* than to propagate falsehoods and then to boast of its lies, and glory in sticking to them.

To the Editors of the Whig and Courier:

Sir:—In introducing my communication in your paper of 26th instant, you say that you have no objection to publish my views of the subject there alluded to—that I advance no new facts in relation to my friend Strickland—that you will not, (i. e.) do not subscribe to my opinions, etc.; and that he, Strickland, can neither by political friends or foes satisfy the people that all is right in the affair of the Aroostook, etc. etc. Now, sir, as the sole object and design of my communcation was to rebuke the most flagrant abuse which had most wantonly and unjustly been poured out, with the malicious design to pervert and mislead public opinion, and having so done dispassionately and from no political views whatever, I had reason to expect you would have been candid enough to have taken my declarations for what they were in and of themselves—not as views and opinions merely, but as well attested facts transpiring under my own observation, of which I could not be deceived. If you intend to be understood by saying that I have offered no new facts, to admit my declarations of the conduct of Major Strickland and are willing to concede that what you published in the communication I there alluded to were foul slander of him—side thrust and insinuations introduced by you on the subject, are both uncalled for and immaterial. It was not, sir, mere opinion or belief founded upon vague and idle rumor, and under the spur of political, party malignity, that induced me to offer to the public the article over my name in your paper of the 26th. I therein advanced no opinions, but unequivocal declarations, direct, decided and solemn protestations, as an eye-witness, not deceived, and unwilling to suffer deception and falsehood to pass with impunity. This, sir, and this alone, I deem in candor you were called upon to regard and respect—not to abuse from mere political, party feeling, or for political effect.—The fact that Major S. did leave his men and hasten to Augusta, need not, neither will it be denied. On this isolated fact you have adroitly given credence to a host of base fustian—raised a superstructure of fog in the atmosphere of which to enact the Will-o'-the-Wisp, and are to be seen figuring upon public vision in all its vagaires. You say to close your article that you have expressed your opinion with a determination not to recant. Comment here is useless.

"A man convinc'd against his will,
Is of the same opinion still".

I will now take my leave of this subject, if I may be permitted decently so to do. Though a Whig, in principle, from my youth to the present time, I have never known or availed myself of occasion to depart from truth and justice to subserve party, political purposes.

STOVER RINES.

Old Town, April 29, 1839.

This communication the Whig refused to publish, as it had before refused to publish the one offered by Dr. Mason. After having insulted Capt. Rines by questioning his veracity and imputing to him unworthy motives, the Whig refused to hear him in self defence and in defence of the truth. This, too, after having said it had not shut out Dr. Mason from its columns, when it had, as every one believes—and after proclaiming that it *would publish communications from friends or foes*, upon the subject matters at issue. Thus not only uttering and pertinaciously adhering to falsehoods, but falsifying its professions and solemn promises, and giving the last finishing touch to complete its utter degredation and infamy.

When after long delay we had them pushed to the wall, we ought to have kept them there, till they agreed to do us justice, and not made a provisional agreement with them." &c.

Ken. Jour.

There is but one question upon this boundary matter, and it should be met face to face. It is, whether Gov. Fairfield would have been *justified* in refusing his consent to the arrangement as now concluded. And this question we wish to put plainly to the Journal and to the community. We ask, therefore, every man in the State to consider it calmly and dispassionately, and make his reply. What was the case? Our territory had been plundered by trespassers and we had sent an officer to arrest them. A Provincial Governor had denied our jurisdiction of the country, and threatened to expel our force. To resist the impending invasion, we called out our militia and invoked the aid of the national government. The national sanction was given to our movements—our right of jurisdiction was asserted—and we were assured would be defended, while a last and speedy effort would be made to determine peaceably the main subject of dispute. Under these circumstances, Sir John Harvey withdrew his threat—conceded our right to protect our timber up to the extremest limits of our territory, and thus left it only for Maine to determine whether, throwing herself back upon her State sovereignty, she would at once plunge into a war for the adjustment of her great dispute, or whether she would postpone, as she honorably might, that dread alternative, relying upon the assurances of the national authorities, who had already given an earnest of their intentions on the subject, by their energetic and decided action. What then ought Gov. Fairfield to have done? Should he, when Gen. Scott presented him *"the adjustment,"* signed by Harvey, have refused his signature and withheld his consent? We ask the people if they would have justified him in so doing? We ask the federalists themselves if it would have been wise. We appeal to those papers, which, in our commercial cities were full of anxiety and fear lest war might come, to say if such a refusal would have been judicious. We ask the N. Y. Commercial, for instance, which was at first, alarmed at the *"rashness"* of Maine, and now meanly and contemptibly sneers at her moderation, what course different from Gov. Fairfield's should have been taken. We ask those merchants and citizens, here, whose solicitude for an adjustment was undisguised, and whose constant desire was expressed, that the difficulty might be arranged, even upon the terms proposed by Messrs Forsyth and Fox in their protocol, if they are not satisfied with the present adjustment. We ask those gentlemen, who met last March in the Common Council room of this city, and the Mayor who presided in that meeting, if the arrangement, as now concluded, does not more than meet the expectations and wishes, which they then manifested, and if they will sanction the opposition, which some of the presses of the State for the basest of political purposes, have raised against it. Why, it seems to us, there cannot be a man, who will coldly and dispassionately say that Gov. Fairfield could properly have refused to enter into that arrangement. If he *had* refused it, favorable as it is, and yielding us every thing but the mere possession of the Madawaska settlements —refused it too, against the wishes of the whole nation, which had come forward with remarkable unanimity in our behalf, and asked of us, now, to defer a resort to the "last alternative," for a short period, until a final effort should be made for a peaceful adjustment of difficulties, in failure of which in would come warmly to our aid—we say, if under these circumstances, he *had refused*, not a single federal press, or federal partisan would have failed to denounce him for it. The Journal itself would have led off in the attack, and contended against such *rashness*, and *indiscretion*, with far more force and effect, than it now absurdly complains of the conduct of the Executive.—The "old Portland," which now echoes the pointless sneers of the "Jack Downing" of New York, would have followed in the same track, which would, also, have resounded with the snarlings of the *B*angor whig and Saco Herald. "Tray, Blanche, and Sweetheart, little dogs and all," would have barked out, as now, in full chorus of opposition. Their complaints might, then, have had some foundation. As it is they are destitute of the slightest particle of reason. And another election will show those presses that, in pursuing their present disgraceful course they are *biting against a file*.

Eastern Argus.

BORDER AFFAIRS.

The following extract from the Bangor Democrat exhibits fully the state of affairs on the border. It seems that Mr McLauchlin is anxious to lend his assistance in securing the timber cut by trespassers. As we are abundantly able to protect our own property, his aid has been, and will doubtless continue to be declined. It is to be hoped he will not *press* his services upon us, so as to make any *unkindness* necessary on our part.

We are still of opinion, that the occurrences alluded to will occasion no serious difficulty.—We earnestly *hope* that they may not. While, however, the great question is not decisively settled, there is always danger of unpleasant collision. We trust, therefore, and beleive that no effort will be spared by the General Government, to hasten the progress of the pending negotiation.—Eastern Argus.

☞We understand that the Land Agent recently received a letter from Mr McLauchlan, dated Fredericktown, in which he said he was on the point of starting with a posse of 30 men to visit the St. Francis and Fish River, and saying he should be gratified to meet him there, as he supposed the object of both was the same, to secure the timber made by lawless people last winter. He further said that a few days before, while at Madawaska, he had occasion to address a letter to the officer in command of the posse at Fish River, and had received a very laconic answer. The following letters will explain the state of things in that quarter. Whether the rafts were deserted by the trespassers on the approach of McLauchlan and suffered to run down the river, or were cut adrift by McLauchlan and his posse to *secure* them is not certain. There is no probability that he will attempt to *secure* in the same way the timber in Fish River, under the care of Nye.

BANGOR, May 17th, 1837.

SIR:—The inclosed letter, with a copy of a communication from Alvin Nye to McLauchlan, was received this day.

Having reference to an expedition highly important, as the Post at Fish River is at the termination of the road of the St. Johns to be opened this summer, in which our State takes a deep interest, it is forwarded to you for your disposal as you may deem proper.

It is to be hoped that Mr McLauchlan will not make his threatened visit, if he should, and if of a hostile character, I have confidence in Alvin Nye, that his reception will be such as will afford small inducement for a repetition.

Very respectfully,
Your obedient serv't.,
CHARLES JARVIS.

FORT JARVIS, *Fish River*,
May 10th, 1839,

SIR:—Since my last communication of the 3d ult. circumstances have occurred which I deem proper to make known to you by a special messenger.

On Tuesday, the 7th inst, I received information that James McLauchlan, Esq, was at Madawaska with a party of fifty men and some Indians, on his way to this river to take the Timber now in our boom and to drive me off. On the next day I received information in which I had full confidence, that Mr McLauchlan, with a party of thirty men and some Indians, armed with guns and bowie knives, had passed the mouth of Fish River, on their way to the Allagash, with the avowed intention of driving the Lumber out of the jurisdiction of the State.

I considered my instructions required me to take every measure in my power to retain the Lumber within the State. In discharge of this duty I took with me fifteen of my men on Thursday morning and descended the river to the mouth, and then ascended the St. John's about ten miles, where my previous information was fully confirmed, and I futher learnt that Mr. McLauchlan was on the Allagash turning the Lumber into the stream.

I then addressed a note to Mr McLauchlan which I sent by two of my boatman, hoping to receive a satisfactory explanation, but having no time to lose, I proceeded with my men to within about five miles of the Allagash, where we met rafts of Timber, without men, coming down river, occasionally running on to bars and rocks and breaking up. When within about two miles of the mouth of the Allagash, I met my messnger returnin, who informed me that he had seen Mr McLauchlan, who would not write me, that he had used him roughly, and had told him that he might say to me that he would meet me on the Fish River. I continued on my way to the Allagash, where I met twelve of McLauchlan's boats returning with their men and baggage. I proceeded up river until I had got above all the timber which was running, and came to the conclusion that the whole of McLauchlan's party had gone down river. I then turned about and descended about nine miles, when I found the party which I had met encamped on the south side of the St. John's, asked them what was their object, and where Mr McLauchlan was? of this they would not inform me, but that their orders were to turn of a brow of Timber which was then secure on the bank. I ordered them to leave the logs and timber and to move down river, which order they obeyed. I followed about seven miles, where we camped for the night.

The next morning I continued down the river to Fish River, which we ascended to our Fort and found all in good order as we had left. For further particulars you are referred to the bearer.

Your Ob't Serv't
ALVIN NYE, Ass't Provis. L. Agent.

ST. JOHN'S RIVER, ST. FRANCIS' SETTLEMENT,
May 10th, 1839.

TO JAMES MCLAUCHLAN, ESQ.,
Provincial Warden.

SIR—Having received information of your having ascended the St. Johns River with a party of men with the avowed intention of driving the Timber and Logs now within the jurisdiction of the State of Maine, into the Province of New Brunswick, I am under the disagreeable necessity of informing you that such an act will be in violation of the rights of the State.

I request you therefore to desist, as my instructions are such that I cannot admit of the timber being moved from this territory.

Your Ob't Servant,
ALVIN NYE, Ass't. P. L. Agent.

From the Eastern Argus.

FEDERAL TOPICS.

What new topic of complaint will the opposition start? Their old subjects seem to be pretty well used up. Their cry of *extravagance* has been shown to be so utterly destitute of truth, that with all their impudence, they can hardly think of raising it much longer. So is it with the topic of *defalcations*. That must be deserted as a matter of policy—for the more it is discussed and inquired into the more clearly is the financial system, proposed by the Administration, recommended, and the more manifest appears the hypocrisy of the opposition. The *blackwashing* committee, which was expected to furnish ample materials for another campaign, has turned out a miserable failure, and covered it authors with disgrace. Its whole supplies powerful arguments for the democracy. From its formation, by the odious process of secret ballot, through its tyrannical and inquisitorial management, down to its "lame and impotent conclusion," in an abusive, one-sided, partisan report, it has disclosed nothing which the opposition can torture into a weapon to attack against the Administration. The fierce onset, too, made upon the Secretary of the Treasury, has resulted only in exhibiting *his* fidelity and ability, and the malignity and weakness of those who have assailed him. The articles of impeachment, threatened so ridiculously by him of "the Scorpion Wand," have never been presented or prepared, for the best of reasons, because there were no materials, and the originator of the threat is undoubtedly anxious to drop the subject.

The slang about President Van Buren's *non-committalism*, is exploded and we no longer hear any doubts about his firmness or ability.—His recent course, indeed, has extorted praise from even the opposition itself, and it was a fine tribute which Congress paid to his wisdom and judgement, when it unanimously conferred upon him the war power, specified in the Contingent Army Bill of the last session. He stands before the nation now in an enviable attitude, and we greatly mistake if, in 1840, he does not receive, in his triumphant re-election, a decisive proof of the people's gratitude.

What, then, can the opposition find to snarl at? Not *Proscription*, certainly, for their own leading presses acknowledge, what all facts on the subject prove, that they act out the "spoils doctrine" to its full and utmost extent, leaving no democrat in office, when they have power to turn him out.

Will they attempt again to wheedle the abolitionists, and whine about the "right of petition." Their great leader has taught them a different lesson. Since Mr. Clay's violent speech against it, they will hardly try to seek favor from the Anti-Slavery party. And, if after the Southern elections, they *should* attempt it, that party, will not probably, be again imposed upon by their hypocritical offers of friendship.

What, then, can they do, but rave in general terms against the Administration, and pour forth their Cassandra prophecies of ruin to the country, unless they are put into power?

FEDERALISM AND DEMOCRACY.

The handmaids of federalism are gyves and fetters, gags and dungeons. In her presence, free thought cowers and fears, and man becomes a cringing crawling slave. The handmaids of democracy are free thought, and free expression. Her chains are public opinion, and her dungeons the scorn of free men. In the presence of democracy man stands erect and free, and looks with a bold, confident and unshrinking eye into the face of truth. Federalism abuses, weakens, destroys. Democracy lifts up, strengthens, gives life. Federalism, like tyranny, seeks to humiliate, to destroy the confidence of the mind, to shut out light from the mass. Democracy cries in the streets, and on the house tops, hark! 'GIVE US LIGHT.' Federalism says to the people trust to *me*.—Democracy says, trust to *yourselves*. Federalism says *I* will tell you what you shall think, and how you shall act, *I* will tell you what is right. Democracy say REASON, the teacher of the Most High God, will tell you what you shall think and how you shall act—*she* will tell you what is right. Federalism says you shall not think for yourselves, you shall not feel for yourselves, you shall not act for yourselves, you shall not investigate, you shall not inquire. Democracy, holding aloft the names of Kepler, Gallileo, Columbus, Newton, Bacon, Coleridge, Franklin, says you *must* think for yourselves, you *must* feel for yourselves, you *must* act for yourselves, you *shall* investigate, you *shall* inquire. Federalism cries *stop here!* Democracy cries *go on!* Federalism says the people are ignorant, weak, fickle and can take care of themselves, never. Democracy says the people are intelligent, strong and trusty, and *truth* will take care of them forever.—*Lamoille Democrat.*

STEAMBOAT EXPLOSIONS.

The Little Rock (Arkansas) Advocates states, that the Bee, and the Indian are both sunk in the river above that place, but gives no priticulars.

The St. Louis Republican, of the 4th. says the steamboat Rhine, when nearly oposite the mouth of the Gasconade river, burst both her boilers, on account of the *carelessness of the Engineer*, in not supplying them with water.—Fortunately no lives were lost.

The Mount Vernon (In.) Courier, says:—steamboat Avalanche, on Friday morning, the 10th inst, while descending the river, about four miles below this town, collapsed a flue, *killed three individuals, and scalding two others shockingly that they are not expected to survive.* After remaining at the landing, two thirds of the day to bury the dead, she was taken in tow by another boat, and proceeded on her voyage. But the most deplorable accident of the five, is mentioned in the Louisanian of May 8th.—It occurred to the steamboat George Collier, while on her voyage from N. Orleans to St. Louis. "At half past nine o'clock writes the clerk to the N. O. Editors, on the morning of the 6th inst., when within 80 miles of Natchez, the piston rod gave way, breaking the forward cylinder head, and carrying away a part of the boiler stands. The steam which escaped, scalded FORTY FIVE persons, *twenty six* of whom died in the course of the day. Five or six children have so injured that they are not expected to recover. Among the names of those who died, we notice that of only one person from New-England—William Blake, a deck passenger of Boston Mass.

The following additional particulars, in relation to this disaster, are taken from the Picayune of May 8.

"Twelve of the unfortunates were buried in the neighborhood of the disaster. The Gen. Washington shortly came along on her way down, and took the George Collier in tow. The other fourteen who survived but a few hours, were interred at a wood yard nearer to this city.

We visited the ill-fated boat yesterday, and the sight that met our eyes was truly heart-rending. The survivors lay about on pallets, the flesh boiled down off their bones, as it were; some issuing the most piteous moans—others, unable to utter even a groan. There were those among them partially consoled by the soothing care of friends; and more who had none from whom to seek sympathy but strangers

A Frenchman might be heard to cry, "*O mon dieu! mon dieu!*" and a poor German by his side to ejaculate in sorrowing accents, "*mein got! mein got!*" It was a scene at which a heart of Adamant would melt with pity.

The boat was built in Pittsburg some four years since; the piston rod now broken, has since been in use."

WEST INDIES.—The N. York Commercial has received a file of the Jamaica Despatch to the 27th April. It gives, says the the Commercial, a lamemtable account of things in the island, but affords no specific items of intelligence. "The staple of the matter contained in the papers is abuse of Sir Smith, Lord Glenelg and the Baptists, with dolorous complaints of the ruin, which they affirm, is rapidly falling upon the planters.—Argus.

Extract from Apalachicola, May 12.—"The settlement at Rico's Bluff, 18 miles above Iola, was attacked by a party of Indians on the night of the 10th inst, the houses all burnt and many of the inhabitants murdered—the children were all thrown into the flames and perished. The survivors who escaped to the swamps were taken off by the mail boat, and arrived here last evening in a wretched state, many of them badly wounded. Another settlement, 15 miles above Rico's, was attacked the same night, and shared a similar fate.

All is excitement and hustle here, but nothing yet done for want of a leader. It is expected a party will go from here in pursuit of the indians to-morrow.

Forged drafts a large amount, were paid, on Friday last, by the Bank of the U. S. in Philadelphia. The forgery was soon discovered, and High Constable Blaney was not long in ferreting out the forger, who was found at the Astor House, in New York. He was led gently back to Philadelphia, where lodgings were found him, in a less expensive establishment than the Astor House.—*Argus.*

OXFORD DEMOCRAT.

PARIS, MAY 28, 1839.

Money! Money!!

We earnestly request those of our subscribers who are indebted to us for the Democrat for one or more years to pay, at least a part of what is due, immediately. We are subject to great inconvenience and embarrassment in consequence of the neglect of those who do not pay promptly.

Those residing out of town can remit the amount due by mail directed to the Postmaster, Paris, Me. which will be promptly receipted for.

Those in this town we shall be very happy to wait upon at the Democrat Office.

All indebted for Advertising or Job Printing whose accounts have been standing more than three months will oblige us by settling without delay or further notice.

MAINE MILITIA SYSTEM.

No. IV.

Mr. Editor,—In continuation of my remarks upon the Maine Militia System, I have now arrived at a part of the subject which I would gladly pass over in silence, did not a sense of duty prompt me to notice it. I refer to the *negligent* and *unfaithful* manner in which commissioned officers perform their several duties. I would not here be understood as saying that *all* who wear an Epaulet deserve to be censured, but I do say that a majority, were they brought to the test, would have to plead *guilty* to the charge of failing to perform the duties legitimately devolving upon them. It has long been a well settled principle, that public servants, in whatever grade, or station, are imperiously bound to the faithful performance of the duties with which they have been entrusted. So far as they fail of doing this, they betray in a degree the trust confided in them, lower down the dignity of their station, and render good and wholesome laws unpopular.

I shall speak of Military Officers without regard to rank, or station, for the higher a man's rank, the more culpable he is for negligence or bad behaviour.

Among the duties required of Field Officers, there is one, which, as a general thing, is poorly performed.—I mean the slow and careless manner in which Commissions are forwarded from the Major General to the officer to whom they properly belong. Perhaps I ought not to censure *all* through whose hands they have to pass; but one thing is certain, there is often gross negligence *somewhere*. If this is not so, why are Commissions four, or five months in travelling forty or fifty miles; or why are they sometimes *lost*, and those to whom they belong put to the trouble of travelling "creation o'er" to find out their end? for these are facts susceptible of the strongest proof. If it is any consequence to an officer to receive the Commission to which he is entitled by a fair election *at all*, it is of equal consequence to him to receive it promptly.

If a superior officer has a right, unnecessarily, to detain a paper of consequence, belonging to another, a month, according to the same rule he has a right to detain it *any* length of time he pleases. One instance I will mention to show that the evils of which I complain do exist. A company of Light Infantry was formed, its officers legally chosen, their Commissions were promptly made out at the Adjutant General's Office and sent to the Major General of the Division to which they belonged, and then by some one *lost*. *Eight months* after their election, the Officers of the company received a Duplicate of their Commissions from the Adjutant General's Office.

By a reference to the 11th Section of the Militia Law of '34, we find that an Officer must have a Commission in his possession "*before* he enters upon the discharge of the duties of his office, and *take and subscribe* the oaths required by the Constitution." If he has not done this, in case of an election of officers, where he would Constitutionally be a voter, he would, by neglect of *others*, be deprived of the right of suffrage. Thus we see the consequence of such negligence. They are of too serious a nature to be passed over in silence, or not to be sufficiently noticed by those whose duty it is to see the laws faithfully executed.

There is no grade of officers in the Militia which I believe are so negligent in performing their duty, as commanding Officers of companies. This allegation, with a few exceptions, will apply to all of this rank.

One particular in which they are deficient, is a neglect to have *legal Records* kept in the company. In every company they have something they *call* Records, but in fact many of them are good for nothing. They are "without form or comliness,"—a jumbled up mess of stuff, without beginning, middle, or end. To be satisfied of this, we have only to read the 12th Section of the Law above referred to, and compare this with the records which are made. This will show at once that most of our Clerks are either ignorant of their duty, or very careless in performing it,—or, there may be cases where they willfully neglect it.

In many of our companies, (perhaps a majority) it is impossable to collect a fine, solely on the ground of illegal records. This fact is so notorious in many places, that many pay no attention whatever to a warrant for training. Those who have a mind to, train, and the others stay away, bidding defiance to the Laws. Truly, this is a beautiful state of things. A few of the poor that can be oppressed, and of the ignorant that can be frightened, are seen in the ranks of the company; while others may be seen, strutting about with all the pomposity of *fops*, glorying in their own good luck, and loudly declaiming about tyranny, oppression, and fools.

I might go into farther particulars, showing defects common to company Records, but it is unnecessary.—People in general *know* they exist, still they are suffered to remain uncorrected.—Again, it is always the case, that there are, more or less persons, living in the limits of companies liable to do military duty, that are not warned.

I need not say a single word by way of commentary upon negligence of this kind, for every person can readily see its effects and consequences.

I now make the general remark, that in a majority of cases, those who are obliged by Law to do military duty, and neglect it, go unpunished. Here I have reference to cases of neglect, where no prosecution is commenced. The other view of the subject is but little better. If the Law is enforced on delinquents, it is generally meted out in partial justice. If a prosecution is commenced, it is not against the rich and opulent, who are well able to pay a fine; but against the poor, hard working man who has to labour day and night to sustain himself and family. *He* is the man, to whom the scourge is applied, while his wealthy neighbor is passed by because he is a *gentleman*. O! shame on such perversion of Law and justice. Truly, we have fallen into evil times. Wealth places men *above* the Laws of the land, and is a sure protection in the violation of them. Yes, more than this. We see young "Sprigs of gentility" strutting about—wearing fine cloth—with brass watch, fob, and cane—and for what? Why, their fine personal appearance, and spindle shank'd beauty exempts them from doing duty. And the Fair Sex (I don't mean *Ladies*) sometimes are heard talking with these contemptible *upstarts*, expressing their pious horror at the appearance of the "*raw boned*" Militia, and "O! how *vulgar* it is to *train*, and how far beneath the dignity of *gentlemen*."

A *reform* is loudly called for. Every officer from the highest down to the lowest, should first thoroughly acquaint himself with his duty, and then *do it*, without fear, favor, or hope of reward. It is high time to break down the patrician walls between the rich and the poor, the high and the low, and let *equal* justice be administered to all; and it is the imperious duty of every patriot, of every citizen who has the good of his country at heart, to *no longer* tolerate, or countenance, the evils of which we have been speaking, but exert his whole influence to secure the faithful administration and observance of all good and wholesome Laws.

May 25th, 1839. J. J. P.

A subscription has been got up in Boston, N. York, and Philadelphia, to the amount of sixty-five or seventy thousand dollars, for the express purpose of paying Mr. Webster's debts in this country, and ennabling him to pay his travelling expences while abroad.

Few men in this country have received so much money at the hands of wealthy and powerful friends, and few, if any, have wasted and squandered as much as Mr. Webster. He is now a candidate for the Presidency, and under existing circumstances, if elected—after being beholden to the aristocracy of the country for money to relieve him from embarrassments brought on by his own wastefulness and extravagance—where would be his independence? Whose President would he be but the President of the aristocracy, to whom he is thus mortgaged? The people, of course, can have no objections to his thus being a pensioner to the aristocracy, it shows to whom he belongs, and ever will belong. What if a subscription was to be got up in a similar way for Martin Van Buren, Thomas H. Benson, or any other prominent democrat. How would such an idea be treated by the people. Would it not be treated as it ought to be with scorn and contempt, and would not these very men who laud Mr. Webster to the skies, and who lavish their wealth on him so profusely, be the first to cry out corruption, and denounce them as pensioners and splendid paupers.

The Young Men of Oxford County met at the Court House on Wednesday the 22d inst., and organized a County Lyceum. Much interest was exhibited by those present. It is to be hoped that ALL the young men in the County who are desirous to improve in public speaking, will punctually attend this Lyceum, and thereby encourage and build up an Institution worthy of attention. It is to be lamented that such an institution should not have been established long before this late period; and on the other hand we should rejoice in consequence of the opportunity that is presented to discover those latent talents which are, in a greater or less degree, possessed by every one.

INDIAN WHEAT.

Some farmers speak very highly of Indian wheat, others do not prize it highly and are determined to raise no more. We are inclined to the opinion that those who regard it so lightly, do not know its value. It is a very productive crop, easily raised, and a valuable grain.

We lately asked one of the most intelligent and successful farmers in the country, his opinion of this grain; he observed that he had some experience in raising it and found it valuable for stock, the flour superior to that of buckwheat, and that it could be raised at a small expense. Last year after his planting was done he ploughed three days in his pasture, turning the turf completely over, the ground was then harowed, sowed with two bushels of Indian wheat, harrowed and rolled. After haying it was cut, hauled to the barn, thrashed and winnowed with but little labor; the straw was thrown out doors and dried, and was equal to clover hay for fodder. He had between 50 and 60 bushels of grain, and the improvement in his pasture, in having the sod turned under to form a rich mould, would pay all the expense of raising and harvesting the grain; so the crop of 50 or 60 bushels, and the fodder were clear gain. We would say to every farmer, so far as his circumstances admit, "do likewise."

Yankee Farmer.

The Lewiston (Niagara County) Telegraph keeps up the fire against Queen Victoria and all that bears the impress of royality, as hotly as ever. It is a Toronto patriot reversed. The last number comes to us with the following, printed in large letters, under a capsised crown:

Another proof that "the People of Canada detest Democracy."—Eleven families from East Guilliamsbury and King, arrived here to day in the Transit, with their goods, on their way West. They have sold their farms for thirty thousand dollars (about 75 per cent less than their value five years ago,) and come here to get rid of Victoria's loafers.

Not less than seven hundred souls have crossed at this port within ten days. Come on there is room for all the Reformers and *liberty of conscience* in these States.

More Wickedness.—A broker in N. York, named Tyson, who has heretofore, it is said, borne a high character, has absonded, says the N. Y. Sun, leaving behind him forged paper to a great amount. Seventy five thousand of it has already been discovered, and it is expected that much more is yet to be brought to ligh. [Argus.

A whig contemporary says that Mr. Webster's eloquence becomes the more lofty the more difficult is the subject upon which it is employed. Precisely so, and therein the godlike resembles the eagle as described by the London showman. 'This, ladies and gen'lmen,' said the showman, 'his the Heagle hof the Sun, from Harchangel, in Rushy—the otterer it is, the igher he flies.'—*Boston Post.*

"Nothing like personal independence," as Daniel Webster said, when he pocketed the $65,000.

Melancholy Disaster.—The Bath Telegraph Extra, of May 18th gives the following account of the destruction of the schooner Ceylon, in which it says, four persons were lost.

The Steamer Huntress has just arrived at this place, and we learn by the passengers, that while off Portland Light, the Huntress came in contact, with a small schooner, the Celyon of Gloucester, and cut her right through about "midships." She sunk immediately, and the Captain and a boy barely escaped. The Huntress received no injury.

Emigrants Worth Having.—The company of 700 Lutherans lately arrived in Missouri from Europe, have purchased 10,000 acres in Perry Co. on the Mississippi. They have a library of 20,000 volumes, and intend founding a college.

Charles Griswold, teller in a bank at Yazoo, N. Y. has absconded a debtor to the bank in the sum of $11,007 56. The Yazoo Whig says—

"He was a young man universally esteemed, and the circumstance adds another strong proof of the fatal effects of the faro table. Led on, no doubt, at first by losing small sums, and struggling to regain it, he at once lost his character, and covered his memory with infamy.—His parents reside in the city of New York, and are, we learn, most respectable and worthy people. We sympathize with them in the fatal error of a son every way calculated to raise a parent's hopes, for this first and most grevious crime—that he was not *innately* dishonest, seems apparent from the fact of his having had it in his power to take away with him a large amount of funds in the United States Bank notes and gold, which he did not touch. The evening previous to his departure he borrowed $200 from a young man; and it is thought that he had very little more than this sum at the time of his leaving."

The N. Y. House of Refuge Burnt.—The House of Refuge was destroyed by fire this morning, about 8 o'clock, with the exception of the Eastern wing. The Western wing, about 150 feet long by 42 wide; together with the part connecting the two wings; 90 feet long, was entirely destroyed, except the walls. There were about 200 boys confined in the buildings, two or three of whom, it is supposed, escaped during the confusion incident to the fire. No lives lost.

The loss is, on the whole, not great, as new buildings are in the process of erection, and the old ones were soon to be torn down. It is supposed the fire was communicated by design.

Jour. Com.

The Halifax Times of the 8th mentions the arrival there of the steam frigate Medea, last from Bermuda—adding that while on her way from Havana to Jamaica she was fired into, at night, by a French man-of-war brig. One man was killed and several were wounded by the fire.

The French commander said that he mistook her for a Mexican. He apologized to Commodore Douglass, on discovering his error, and the apology was accepted.

The Steamer Liverpool left New York, on Saturday last, having on board Daniel Webster and his new suit of clothes.

The Hartford Courier recommends to persons about to drink wine at a public dinner, to dine on *corned* beef.

$100 REWARD!

THE subscribers hereby agree to pay to any person or persons, who will be the means of producing sufficient legal testimony to convict, in a Court of record, the perpetrators of the atrocious crime of digging up and carrying away from the burying ground the remains of Miss Arabella R. Colbourn, the sums set against our respective names—as a reward.

Alfred Andrews,	$ 3,00
Thomas Clark,	3,00
Amerian Thayer,	3,00
Ziba Thayer,	3,00
Simeon Walton,	3,00
James F. Rewson,	3,00
G. W. Millett,	3 00
Simeon Cumming,	3,00
J. R. Merrill,	2,00
John Ervins,	3,00
Francis Bemis,	3,00
E. C. Shaw,	2,00
Alden Fuller,	2,00
Hiram Hubbard,	2,00
Joseph Jackson,	2,00
Sarannus Shaw,	2,00
Sampson Dunham,	2,00
Ebenezer Drake,	3,00
Isaac Harlow,	2,00
Alanson Mellen,	3,00
Isaac Randall,	2,00
Cyrus H. Ripley,	2,00
Nathan M. Marble,	2,00
Mary Starr,	3,00
T. Ford,	3,00
C. W. Bemis,	2,00
Austin Partridge,	2,00
Silvanus Porter,	2,00
Simon H. Cummings,	2,00
Job Ryerson,	2 00
James Bemis,	2,00
Joseph H. King,	2,00
Sampson Andrews,	2,00
John Warren,	10,00
Jarathmell Colbourn,	10,00

Guardian's Sale.

NOTICE is hereby given that by virtue of License from the Judge of Probate for the County of Oxford that there will be sold at the Inn of Abel Houghton in Waterford, in said County, on Tuesday the twenty-fifth day of June, A. D. 1839, at ten of the clock in the forenoon, the real estate belonging to Catherine E and John Carter, minors, being the place situated near the old Methodist Meeting House in Waterford, consisting of a House and Barn and about two or three acres of land, more or less. Also the interest which said minors have in the homestead place formerly owned by John Carter formerly of Waterford, deceased.

Particulars made known at the time and place of sale.

HENRY CARTER, Guardian of said minors.

3w41*

Dr. Gerdak's Gelly of Pomegranate, AND

PERUVIAN PILLS.

A prime article for Consumptions, Coughs, &c. &c., just received and for sale at the old stand, by

W. E. GOODNOW.

Norway, May 17, 1839. tf40

MEDICAL CIRCULAR.

☞ The article published below, concerning the new and popular doctrine advanced by the illustrious Goelicke of Germany, cannot fail of exciting a deep and thrilling interest throughout our country.

[*Translated from the German.*]

LOUIS OFFON GOELICKE,

OF GERMANY,

THE GREATEST OF HUMAN BENEFACTORS.

Citizens of North and South America,

To Louis Offon Goelicke, M. D., of Germany, Europe, belongs the imperishable honor of adding a NEW and PRECIOUS DOCTRINE to the Science of Medicine—a doctrine which, though vehemently opposed by many of the faculty, (of which he is a valuable member,) he proves to be as well founded in truth as any doctrine, of Holy Writ—a doctrine, upon the verity of which are suspended the lives of millions of our race, and which he boldly challenges his opponents to refute, viz: *Consumption is a disease always occasioned by a disordered state of Vis Vitæ (or Life Principle) of the human body: it often secretly lurking into the system for years before there is the least complaint of Lungs—and which may be as certainly, though not so quickly, cured, as a common cold or a simple headache.* An invaluable precious doctrine this, as it imparts an important lesson to the *apparently healthy* of both sexes, teaching them that this insidious foe may be an unobserved inmate of their cheyey houses' even while they imagine themselves secure from its attacks, teaching them that THE GREAT SECRET IN THE ART OF PRESERVING HEALTH IS TO PLUCK OUT THE DISEASE WHILE IN THE BLADE, AND NOT WAIT TILL THE FULL GROWN EAR.

This illustrious benefactor of man is also entiled to your unfeigned gratitude, and the gratitude of a world, for the invention of his MATCHLESS SANATIVE, —whose healing fat may justly claim for it such a title, since it has so signally triumphed over our great common enemy ☞CONSUMPTION, both in the first and last stages,—a medicine which has thoroughly filled the *vacuum* in the Materia Medica, and thereby proved itself the *CONQUEROR OF PHYSICIANS*, a medicine, for which all mankind will have abundant cause to bless the beneficent hand of a kind Providence,—a medicine, whose wondrous virtues have been so glowingly portrayed even by some of our clergy, in their pastoral visits to the sick chamber; by which means they often become the happy instruments of changing despondency into hope, sickness into health, and sadness of friends into joyfulness.

GOELICKE'S MATCHLESS SANATIVE,

a medicine of more value to man than the vast mines of Austria or even the united treasures of our globe,—a medicine, which is obtained *equally* from the vegetable, animal, and mineral kingdoms, and thus possess a THREEFOLD power,—a medicine which, though designed as a remedy for consumptions solely, is possessed of a mysterious influence over many diseases of the human system,—a medicine, which begins to be valued by *Physicians*, who are daily witnessing its astonishing cures of many whom they had resigned to the grasp of the INSATIABLE GRAVE.

Of most medicines before the public, the patient is directed to "take five or six bottles, and if these do not cure, presevere in the use of ten, or even fifteen;" but not so with the Matchless Sanative.

It is here worthy of remark, that in almost every instance, where cures have been wrought for this remedy, *less* than a phial has removed the disease—and, in no case, whether resulting fatally or successfully, has a patient used two whole phials.

The Sanative is above all estimate as a general preventative of *CONTAGIOUS DISEASE*,—and by many it is said to be a never failing antidote, though the inventor does not clothe it with such infallibility.

All persons who live in unhealthy climates, whether hot or cold,—all operatives and others connected with manufactories, and all who lead sedentary and inactive lives, are exposed to various insidious maladies, which may be silently preying upon their constitutions while their countenances wear the glow of health, and while they "suspect no danger nigh"—maladies which an *occasional use* of the Sanative would check in the bud.

Hundreds of certificates from responsible persons who have used the Sanitve might be published showing the wonderful cures it has accomplished, but the public will probably prefer to make actual trial of its worth, rather than rely upon what may be said of it by its friends or foes.

DOSE of the Sanative, for adults, one drop; for children, a half drop; and for infants, a quarter drop; the directions explaining the manner of taking a half or a quarter drop.

PRICE—Two dollars and fifty cents per half ounce.

For sale by the subscriber, who is the only Agent in this vicinity. H. HUBBARD.

Paris, May 28, 1839. 41

Commissioners' Notice.

THE subscribers having been appointed by the Hon. Lyman Rawson, Judge of Probate within and for the County Oxford, commissioners to receive and examine the claims of the several creditors to the estate of *JAMES KNOX*, late of Peru in said County, deceased, represented insolvent, hereby give notice that six months are allowed for said creditors to bring in and prove their claims, and that we shall attend that service at the Inn of William Walker, Esq. in said Peru, on Thursday the twentieth day of June next, from ten o'clock in the forenoon until four in the afternoon.

SAMUEL L. BAILEY, } Com'rs.
WILLIAM WOODSUM, }

Peru, May 14th, 1839. 3w41

MORTGAGEE'S NOTICE.

RANDALL FISH gave a mortgage deed to Daniel Hammond & W. & G. Tuckerman & Co. Daniel Brown & Mason Greenwood of a Township of land Numbered One in the Second Range East of Bingham's Kennebec purchase, said township being situated in the County of Oxford, which deed is dated April 20th, 1835, conditioned for the payment of certain notes therein described, by virtue of which deed, the undersigned became seized of one undivided third part of said township in mortgage—and now claims to have possession thereof for condition broken—said notes not having been paid according to their tenor—in order to foreclose the mortgage aforesaid. DANIEL BROWN.

Waterford, May 20, 1839. 3 41

MORTGAGEE'S NOTICE.

WHEREAS, the undersigned holds a mortgage deed, executed to him by one Sumner Stone of Waterford in the County of Oxford, State of Maine, dated Nov. 16, 1835, and recorded in the Registry of Deeds for said County Book 49, page 113, of a certain parcel of land situated in the Upper Village in said Waterford, to secure the payment of four certain notes bearing even date with said mortgage:—Now, therefore, be it known, that the conditions of said mortgage have been broken, and the undersifined gives this notice for the purpose of foreclosure. DANIEL BROWN.

Commissioners' Notice.

WE the subscribers having been appointed by the Hon. Lyman Rawson, Judge of Probate for the County of Oxford, Commissioners to receive and examine the claims of creditors to the estate of

EZRA J. RUSSELL,

late of Bethel in said county, deceased, represented insolvent, hereby give notice that six months from the ninth day of April, inst., are allowed to said creditors to bring in and prove their claims; and that we will attend to that service at the house of Moses Mason in Bethel, on the first Monday of July, August, and September next, from one to five o'clock in the afternoon of each of said days.

MOSES MASON, } Com'rs.
ELIPHAS CHAPMAN, }

April 26, 1839. 39

EBENEZER P. FITZ,

PAINTER AND GLAZIER,

IMITATOR OF WOOD.

AND

PAPER-HANGER,

PARIS-HILL, ME.

Music! Music!! Music!!!

FOR sale by the subscriber, New Violins, Accordions, Clarionetts, Flutes, Brass Instruments, Bass Viol, Violen Strings, Clarionett Reeds, &c. &c.

W. E. GOODNOW.

Norway, May 10, 1839. 3weow40

STATE OF MAINE.

Land Office,
Bangor, May 15, 1839.

IN compliance with the twelfth section of "*An Act additional* to promote the sale and settlement of the public lands," passed March 24, A. D. 1835, the Land Agent hereby gives public notice that the following Townships will be surveyed and lotted by the Surveyor General the present season, viz:—Township Letter F. and half Township lots r H. in the 2d Range, Township No. 6 in the fourth Range. Township No. 8 in the fifth Range, Township No. 6, No. 11 in the sixth Range, (and Township No. 11, in the fifth Range, if the exchange should be made with Massachusetts,) west from the east line of the State, will then be in market for sale and settlement under the provisions of the following law passed March 29, 1838, entitled "*An Act additional to promote the sale and settlement of the public lands.*" Also, the remaining lots in the following Townships, heretofore lotted for settlers, to wit:—No. 4, 10 and 12 in the fifth range west from the east line of the State, are now offered for sale to actual settlers. All the above Townships, except No. 4, are on the Aroostook and its waters.

The price of lots on the aforesaid Townships will not be less than fifty cents, and probably not more than one dollar per acre. The prices, however, will vary according to the situation and quality of the land.

Settling duties required by law, are, that—"the purchaser of one lot, to clear in a proper manner fifteen acres thereof, ten or more of which shall be well laid down to grass, and to build a house thereon, within four years from the purchase thereof; and any purchaser who shall purchase more than one shall be required to clear ten acres, and lay down to grass the same proportion on each lot, and to build a house on one of said lots, within the term aforesaid; but there shall not be sold to any one person more than four of said lots in any one township or tract."

The Aroostook Road as located and partly made passes through No. 8, 10, 11 & 12 in Range five. A county road is located through F. to Houlton, and will probably be made passable in the course of the summer. A Saw mill and grist mill are in operation on F. A Saw mill and grist mill are being erected on No. 9, Range 4—Also on No. 11, Range 5, and will be completed in the course of the season.

The Geological Reports of Dr. Jackson for a description of the quality of the soil and productions of the Aroostook lands and its mineral treasures; and the reports of Dr. Holmes' survey of its agricultural capabilities are referred to for information on these subjects.

The public attention has recently been so strongly directed to the Aroostook; and so many persons have visited that section of the State, that it is unnecessary to be more particular in describing those lands now offered for sale. A large sum of money will be expended this year in making and continuing the Aroostook Road, which promises soon to be a thoroughfare to the St. John's.

Already numerous enterprising, active and intelligent young men have gone in to look at these lands and select lots for actual settlement.

No. 10, Range 5, though lotted and brought into market last year has been incorporated into a town by the name of Masardis, and nearly all the settling lots are taken up. That Town, or some one in that vicinity promises in a short time to become the County seat of a new County.

To give some idea of the farming capability of that part of the State, the fact may be mentioned, that on No. 7, R. 5, on the Aroostook Road and adjoining No. 8—now to be lotted, the only settler there, last year, raised 1700 bushels of grain of various kinds and a large quantity of hay, all which he found a ready market for on the spot, at very high prices and must have realized not far from $4000 for his crop.

The field notes of the surveys of all these townships, when returned to the Land Office, will be open to the inspection of any one, and all information that may be wanted, will be cheerfully given, and every facility granted within the gift of this office for actual settlers, under the following law.

RUFUS McINTIRE, Land Agent of Maine.

STATE OF MAINE.

"In the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and thirty eight. An Act additional to promote the sale and settlement of the Public Lands.

Section 1. Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives in Legislature assembled, That all lands lotted to settlers shall be sold to those only who will perform settling duties on the same as prescribed by law; the price to be fixed by the Land Agent, having reference to the field notes, not however at a less price than fifty cents per acre, three fourth parts of said price to be paid within three years from the time of said sale in labor to be laid out in making roads in such township, where said lands so sold are situated, under the direction of the Land Agent, and the remaining fourth part to be paid in cash within four years from the time of said sale.

Sec. 2. Be it further enacted, That whenever twenty or a less number of individuals, shall each select a lot of one hundred and sixty acres of land in any township lotted for settlers, the same having no mill within its limits and shall give bonds satisfactory to the Land Agent, that they will within the term of three years from the time of said section, erect in a proper and substantial manner, a saw mill and grist mill on such lot within said township, as shall be designated by the Board of Internal Improvement, the same shall be entitled to a deed of such lot; and each individual shall receive a deed from the Land Agent for his respective lot, without any further consideration, conditional however, for the performance of the settling duties required by law.

Sec. 3. Be it further enacted, That from and after the passage of this Act, all Acts and parts of Acts inconsistent with the provisions of this Act, be and the same are hereby repealed.

Approved March 23, 1838.

The following newspapers are requested to publish the above notice and law for two months, and forward their bills to this office for payment.

Maine Democrat, Eastern Argus, Oxford Democrat, Age, Frontier Journal, Piscataquis Herald, Skowhegan Sentinel, Lincoln Patriot, Republican Journal, Yankee Farmer, Statesman, Boston, N. H Patriot, Concord. 2m41

NEW MILLENERY GOODS.

JUST received from Boston a Fashionable Assortment of MILLENERY GOODS, which Ladies' are invited to call and examine before purchasing elsewhere.

H. W. GOODNOW.

Norway-Village, May 13, 1839 eow4w39

NEW GOODS.

JUST received from Boston by the subscriber a prime assortment of *NEW GOODS*, among which are the following, viz:—

PAINTS,

of almost every description, wholesale and retail.—Also a great assortment of Paint, Floor, Whitewash and Hearth BRUSHES.

DYESTUFFS,

of first rate qualities, to which the attention of Clothiers is particularly invited.

MEDICINES,

Selected expressly for the use of Physicians.

DRY GOODS,

addapted for the present season, to which the attention of the Ladies is respectfully invited.

FANCY GOODS,

of too great a variety to particularize.

Blank Books and Paper

of various descriptions, sizes & qualities.

Fine Cuttlery.—Looking Glasses,

a prime assortment, worth from 10 cts, to $6,00.

PARASOLS & UMBRELLAS.

Ladies', Childrens', Kid, Morocco and other SHOES.

6 by 8—7 by 9—8 by 10—9 by 12 & 10 by 12

WINDOW GLASS,

by the light and box.

FRESH FIGS AND SWEET ORANGES,

Fine articles for the sick.

Boiled Linsed, Sperm, Neatsfoot, Otter, Buffalo, Bear's and other OILS.

All of the above, with many others too numerous to mention, for sale on fair terms for Cash or Country produce. W. E. GOODNOW.

Norway, May 13, 1839. 39

NOTICE.—All persons are cautioned against purchasing a note given by me to one Solomon Andrews for the sum of one hundred and sixty dollars, dated Feb. 8, 1839, payable in September next, as said note is without consideration, and was obtained by fraud, the same will not be paid. TIMOTHY WALKER.

Rumford, May 8, 1839. *29

Ground Plaster & Lime,

CONSTANTLY on hand and for sale by W. E. GOODNOW.

Norway, May 10, 1839. 3weow40

RAIL RIDING.

The following sketch, the scene of which is laid near Tallahasse, Florida, explains how to outwit Judge Lynch. It is from the Augusta Mirror.

Now, of all other men, perhaps John Rodgers had the greatest aversion to 'sitten on a rail.' He would rather have died than suffer such an indignity; and immediately on receiving this intelligence, he resolved that he would not be caught "sleepin bery sound." He then took another large drink, and after clearing his throat, exclaimed in a whining tone of voice,

"Ride me on a rail!—Why I'll be shot, if I'd be rid on a rail, for five thousand dollars."

"Well you'd better put out, then," said the gentleman of the bar, as he set back the bottle and popped the "pic," in the drawer. "Judge Lynch has said it."

"Well, now I'm not a gwain to be served no trick," said John, "Judge Lynch be hanged."

John sauntered out, crying and muttering to himself, "I'll blow em all to——, if they come a projectin' about this child."

He then stopped into a store, and purchased three pounds of powder, which he tied up in a silk pockethandkerchief under his arm, walked into a confectionary, kept by a good old Frenchman, and purchased a few cigars; lighted one of them, and commenced smoking. Already the officers of the high court of Judge Lynch were in pursuit of him, and as he saw them gather round the door, he began to puff away at his cigar and mutter curses against "the whole infernal pack of 'em."

"Yes," said he, "you come tryin' that are, and you'll get walked up worse than ever you was afore, blast nation seize your picters. You jest fool with this child, that's all, and if I don't blow you to kingdom-come, you see if I don't."

The crowd which had assembled round the door, now gradually entered the room and as they did so John began to flourish his cigar and cry:

"Jest you tech, now. If you lay your hands on me, I'll send you whirlin, if this here powder's good for any thing," I don't care for myself, I'd rather be blowed through the roof of this here store than be rid on a rail, a confounded sight."

This last speech had attracted the attention of the old Frenchman, who began to look very uneasy.

"Ha, what dat you say? blow off de roof from my house!"

"Lay ho'd of," said the judge, who generally attended the execution of his sentance in person, "lay hold of him fellows!"

"Stand off! stand off' exclaimed John, at the top of his voice, as he held the powder in one hand and the cigar in the other, "Do you see this 'ere cigar, this 'ere powder? jest you lay hands on me, and I'll tech em together.—If I dont now, darn burn me."

"Mon Duie!" Mon Dieu!" exclaimed the old Frenchman. "Go out my house, sair—begone with your poodre and your cigar—what de diable?—will you blow up my property?"

"Well, let 'em let me alone then I'll blow all hands up, and myself too, before I'll be *rid on a rail*."

"Gather him up, gentlemen," said the judge; "the sentence of the law must be executed."

The crowd which had now increased in number, gradually drew round the besieged Rodgers, and the end of the rail was seen entering the door.

"Here goes, then!" exclaimed Rodgers, drawing the cigar from his mouth, and applying it close to the handkerchief. There was a sudden rush to the door, and a confusion of voices crying out, 'stop! stop!" "Don't! don't!" above all of which might be heard the old Frenchman, crying out, "Lurdare! murdare!"

"Well," said Rodgers, as the crowd dispersed, "I'd just as lieve be killed, as *rid on a rail*!"

"I tell you one, two, several times, to begone vid your poodre magazine, and your cigar,—Will you leave my house, sare?

But Rodgers could neither be persuaded nor driven from his position against the wall, until the old man had prevaild upon the Lynch party to withdraw to some distance from his door. He then left the house, much to the relief of the old Frenchman; but ever as the crowd approached, he would prepare to apply the match. At one time they approached with more than usual determination and when they had got quite near, one was heard to say—"Bring the rail!"

"You try it," said John. "And if you don't get into a hornet's nest, it'll be because fire won't burn powder, now mind."

The circle began cautiously to close round him, but as John knocked the ashes from his cigar, at the same time producing a few sparks preparatory to touching it to the powder, he was again suddenly left alone. The individual who had worried himself considerabley, by carrying the rail, in his sudden retreat dashed it to the ground and exclaimed "*Non combatible in statue combustibus!*" abandoned the attempt.—The rest of the posses soon imitated his example, leavying Rodgers triumphant.

Thus Judge Lynch, for the first time, witnessed the most utter contempt of his authority and the most determined defiance of his power.

The following morning found John Rodgers a sober man, and from that time forth he was never seen within the jurisdiction of Judge Lynch of T——, Florida.

LIFE.—Hope and joy, pain and pleasure, misery and dejection, and happiness—words of very deep, important and mysterious meaning, all mingled and sprinkled, through and around man's pathway in this dreary wilderness called existence — making sunbeams, moonbeams, starlight, clouds and storms, in his journey to the dark, gloomy grave.

From the Atkinson's Evening Post.

MR. GEORGE CATLIN,

Who has for some time past been exhibiting a Gallery of Indian Curiosities, Dresses, Portrates, Landscapes, &c. has contributed during the present week to the amusement of a large number of our citizens, by a course of lectures on Indian Manners, Customs, Anecdotes, and his adventures among those singular people, in a truly novel and interesting style. Mr. Catlin is an original genius, and is not only an excellent relator of anecdotes and stories, but also a very good actor, and delineates the scenes he has witnessed, dressed in character, with all the animation of an enthusiast. We have no doubt his descriptions and imitations are very correct—they bear native evidence of truth, and the evidence, is corroborated by gentleman who have visited the distant Indian Nations.—The *distant* ones, because Mr. Catlin does not waste his time with the debased, sottish and wretched remnants of the aboriginals that have lost their pride and character, by the contaminating influence, and presence of the white frontier population, and traders who have introduced among them the vicious propensities and whiskey-loving practices of Christians, without any of their virtues.

The subjects of Mr. Catlin's pencil, his histories and delineations are of a noble race.—The Camanches, the Mandants, the Pawnees, the Blackfeet, Sioux, Crows, Assinipoips, Omahaws, &c. &c. who have not yet sunk beneath the withering associations of white People—who on their native prairies stalk with noble pride and independence, who manufacture their own dresses from the skins of the Mountain Sheep and Buffalo, and use their spears, bows and arrows, in preference to fire arms, and with courtly pride and hospitality welcomed the artist, and honored him for his talents of delineation, as a nobleman of nature, infinitely superior to the mercenary race of traders and Indian agents, who plunder and cheat them when opportunity offers.

Mr. Catlin lived among these people for many years, and was evidently at home among them. They treated him at all times invariably with the utmost hospitality, kindness and attention—always prepared the most honored dwelling, and plentifully supplied all his wants, with an attention he never experienced among his own countrymen, and he is grateful. He is their panegyrist and defender, and as such he has no doubt greatly elevated the true native Indian character, in the estimation of his hearers, who before only knew them as a debased treacherous, cruel and savage foe.

The Indian is truly fortunate in having so faithful and industrious a champion, historian and painter, as Mr. Catlin, who will no doubt rescue their name from the mass of trading libellers, that have so long corruped and then slandered them. With a remarkable assiduity and perseverance, he has devoted many years of his life and much pecuniary means, in preparing a magnificient collection of their dresses, instruments, ornaments, portraits, &c. But he has not a full opportunity in his three lectures of giving all the details of his adventures. His forthcoming volume in which he has more fully described them, the biographical sketches of chiefs and distinguished men, their ceremonies, plays, manners, customs and habits, will no doubt be looked for and read with great interest, at least by those who have heard his lectures, as his abridgments, (like the tales the Sultana Scheherazadr entertained the Great Sultan Schahriar with in the Aribian Nights,) must give a keen relish for a more enlarged feast of the same kind. While they mourn over the certain and speedy destruction of these aboriginal tribes, they may laugh at his graphic description of the vagaries of the medicine man, or of that worthless class of human beings, the Indian dandy, who so exactly copies the habits and conduct of his civilised brother, and while he eulogizes the correctness, and sagacity of some of their doctrines, laments the evils of others of their rites and practices. For ourselves, we anticipate one of the most original and curious works that has been issued from the press for many years, for Mr. C. has struck out a new path to fame and fortune, and while he leaves a memorial of the true Indian uncorrupted native character, he makes a lasting name for himself.

Mr. Catlin gives the last lecture of his second course this evening, at the Franklin Institute, but we are mistaken if he does not receive sufficient inducements to repeat them again and again, previous to his departure for Europe.—Our citizens will probably never have another opportunity of witnessing so complete an exhibition of the kind.

OLD MAIDS.—We are inclined to believe that many of the satirical aspersions cast upon old maids tell more to their credit than is generally imagined. Is a woman remarkably neat in her person, she will certainly die an old maid.' Is she particularly reserved toward the other sex, "she has all the squeamishness of an old maid." Is she frugal in her expenses and exact in her domestic concerns, "she is cut out for an old maid." And if she is kindly humane to the animals about her, nothing can save her from the appellation of "an old maid." In short, we have always found that neatness, modesty, economy, and humility are the never failing characteristics of that terrible creature an "old maid."

RATHER PERPLEXING.—To be sparking a damsel rather privately, and to have her mother pop into the room just as you have screwed your mouth to give her a kiss. The sensation at that time is enough to make human nature dissolve.

HINTS TO PARENTS.—Every species of flattery should be carefully avoided. A boy who happens to say a sprightly thing, is generally applauded so much that he sometimes continues a coxcomb all his life after. *He is reputed a wit at fourteen, and becomes a blockhead at twenty.* Nurses, footmen, and such, should therefore be driven away as much as possible. The mother herself should stifle her pleasure or her vanity, when little master happens to say a good or a smart thing. Those modest lubberly boys, who seem to want spirit, become at length more shining men and at school generally go through their business with more ease to themselves and more satisfaction of their instructors.

DEEDS AND BONDS.—It was once well observed by Dr. Samuel Johnson, that deeds and bonds were the greatest possible libels on the honesty of mankind. Another writer says, "In times past, when men dealt uprightly, and in the fear of God, five or seven lines were sufficient for the assurance of any piece of land whatsoever. Now, forty sixty, a hundred, five hundred, nay, a whole skin of parchment, will hardly suffice." We very much fear that the honesty of men does not keep pace with their intelligence.

One reason why many children and young people, look often so pale and feeble, and fall early victims to diseases of the head or lungs is, that parents will not give them enough exercise in the open air, and will permit them to be shut up for hours, in an ill ventilated school room, on the false principle, that by long hours they must acquire a proportional greater amount of knowledge; than which nothing is more absurd.

Every body has heard of the eccentric Lorenzo Dow. He once used the pulpit as a sort of an alarm bell, to call the attention of his auditory to the fact of an immaterial fire existing for those who seemed to be more apprehensive of the material flame. Lorenzo observing a considerable portion of his congregation nodding, suddenly ceased preaching and shouted aloud, "fire, fire, fire!" A number of those who were given to church somnolency started upon their feet and eagerly enquired, "where, where?" "In h—ll for sleepy sinners," quietly responded the minister. The sweet charms of sleep were broken and the rest of the sermon was heard by all present.

PERSEVERE.—If a seaman should put about every time he encountered a head wind, he would never make a voyage. So he who permits himself to be baffled by adverse circumstances will never make the voyage of life. A sailor uses every wind to propel; so should the young man learn to trim his sails and guide his bark that every adverse gale should fill its bellying canvass and send it forward on its onward course.

BEAUTY.—That quaint old moralist, Quarles in his Enchiridion, gives us the following advice—"Gaze not on beauty too much, least it blast thee; nor too near least it burn thee; if thou love it, it disturbs thee; if thou lost after it, it destroys thee; if virtue accompany it, it is the heart's paradise; if vice associate with it, it is the soul's purgatoy; it is the wise man's bonfire, and the fool's furnace."

MORE NEW GOODS.

THE subscribers have commenced trade under the name and firm of

THAYER & HARLOW,

with a large stock of new Goods very cheap for ready pay. The stock consists of BROADCLOTHS & CASSIMERES of various shades; Satinetts, Buckskins, Drillings, Vestings, CALICOES, about 80 pieces the handsomest ever offered in this market—Mouselam de lain, a new article; fig'd and plain Lawns, Cambrics, Muslins, Laces, Edgings, Silks, Satins, Ribbons, Scarfs and Fancy Hdkfs a large assortment the best that could be selected in Boston. Sheetings, Ticklings, Gloves and Hosiery together with a general assortment of DRY GOODS too numerous to mention.

KID SHOES, Mole skin and Silk HATS, Caps, Umbrellas and Parasols. Crockery, Glass, and Hard Ware. W. I. Goods and Groceries.

Purchasers are requested to call, before they buy elsewhere. JOEL B. THAYER.
ISAAC HARLOW.

Paris, May 7, 1839. 38

Administrator's Sale.

FOR sale at Public Auction, at the Store of Crocker and Standish in Sumner, by virtue of a license from the Probate Court for the County of Oxford, on Saturday the eight day of June next at two of the clock in the afternoon, so much of the Real estate lately belonging to Joshua Ford, late of Sumner, deceased, including the reversion of the widows right of Dower, as will produce the sum of seventy dollars. Said real estate consists of the north half of lot Number thirteen in the fourth Range, containing sixty eight acres more or less, and one right in the Congregational Meeting house in said Sumner consisting of one pew and part of another in said house. For terms and paticulars, apply at the time of sale to SIMEON BARRATT, Adm'r.

Sumner May 1st 1839 3w33.

Commissioners' Notice.

WE having been appointed by the Judge of Probate for the County of Oxford, to receive and examine the claims of the creditors of *JOHN PIERCE*, late of Hiram, in said County, deceased, and whose estate is represented insolvent, give notice that six months commencing the twenty-third day of April 1839, have been allowed to said creditors to bring in and prove their claims; and that we will attend the service assigned us at the Selectmen's Office in said Hiram on Saturday the 27th day of July and the 31st day of August and the 28th day of September next.

Dated this 23d day of April 1839.

BEN. BARKER.
JAMES EVANS.

Cheap for Cash

A. K. SHURTLEFF, & CO.

HAVE for Sale
160 DRUMS SMYRNA FIGS,
40 Boxes LEMONS & ORANGES
25 Casks Malaga & Smyrna RAISINS.
50 Boxes do do
25 Half & qr. Boxes do

Portland, April 24, 1839. 6wis34

NEW GOODS,

JUST RECEIVED FROM BOSTON BY

J. HOWE & SON,

AT the Store formerly occupied by FRANCIS BEMIS, Esq. on Paris-Hill, a splendid assortment of NEW GOODS, consisting of

Blue, Black, Brown, Green, Invisible Green, Claret and Drab
BROACLOTHS.
Black, Drab, Stone and Mixed KERSEYMERES.
SATTINETTS & BUCKSKINS.
Silk, Satin, White and Buff VESTINGS.
English, French, and American CALICOES, about one hundred pieces.
Pink and White Florence SILKS,
SATINS, &c. And an elegant assortment of
RIBBONS.
Bobinnett and Grecian Lace, Cambrics, Lawns, Edgings, Insertion, &c.
Black Lace and Green Gauze VEILS. BONNETTS of various kinds. Fancy Hdkfs, &c.
Bleached and unbleached
Sheetings & Shirting.
Bedticking.
Warp Yarn, Batting, Wadding, and Wicking.
Brown & Irish LINNEN Damask Table Cloths, &c.
KID, white and black PIC NIC GLOVES.
Ladies' and Gents HOSIERY.
A large assortment of KID SHOES.
Brush and Napt HATS, CAPS, and Umbrellas.
A large assortment of
Crockery, Glass, & Hard Ware.
—ALSO—
W. I. GOODS AND GROCERIES.

Together with as large an assortment of articles too numerous to particularize as is usually found in a country Store. Purchasers are invited to call and examine for themselves. Terms cash or approved credit.

WANTED, in exchange for Goods at cash prices all kinds of Country Produce.

April 22, 1839. 3m

COLLECTOR'S NOTICE,—FRYEBURG.

NOTICE is hereby given to the owners and non-resident proprietors of the following described lands situated in the town of Fryeburg, County of Oxford, and State of Maine, that they are taxed in the bills committed to me for collection for the year 1838 in the following sums, viz:—

Non Residents names.	Original proprietors names.	No.	Division	Acres	Value	Tax
					$	$ c.
Robert Wiley,	Intervale on the Island			5	125	55
Harrison W. Pike,	Buildings & Land by Thompson's Mill			1	250	1,11
Wm. Gorden	John Chandler part of			4	20	400	1,77
John Merrill,	Hezekiah Austin		19	5	90	40
Michal Abbott,	Joseph Frye part of	23	3	5	40	18
Amos Poor,	Andrew McMillan	11	3	107	500	2,22
"	Ezekiel Walker,			4	50	22
Dudley Bean,	Colman land, so called			500	1250	5,55
Owner unknown,	John Charler,	2	3		45	20
Noth'l Frye,	Intervale,			12	320	640	2,84
"	"	"		12	2	80	600	2,66
"	"	"		13	2	38	370	2,52
"	"	"		14	2	50	1000	4,44
"	Upland	"		37	1	66	266	89
"	"	"		39	1	57	400	1,78
"	Buildings & Stand	"				20	750	3,33
"	"	"			1	100	500	2,22
Owner unknown,	Il Joseph Frye,			53	4	50	130	67
Gilbert Potter,	Sam'l Osgood, Buildings on the same			54		55	450	2,00
Owner unknown,	John Webster,			12	5	30	120	52
"	"			40	4	35	260	89
"	Sam'l Osgood			2	2	42	200	89
Simeon Pease	sup'd o'n'r,	Jno Chandler p't		53	3	10	160	44
Caleb Warren Jr	"	Ezekiel Walker		4			100	45
Heirs of O. Griswell,	School,			27	2	26	200	1,23
Owner unk.	Joseph Frye,			4		68	200	89
"	House & land occupied by John F. Wheelker,			1			250	1,11
David Webster,	Store & lot at the Corner						820	3,77
"	Intervale,	Joseph Frye,		6	1	26	650	2,88
"	"	John Charles,		5	1	12	325	1,44
"	"	John Webster,		4	1	19	475	2,03
"	"	Ezra Carter,		3	1	19	475	2,03
"	"	Joseph Frye, p't		3	1	7	175	78
"	Upland,	John Webster,		2	1	9	125	60
"	"	"		6	1	50	150	66
"	"	"		8	3	37	300	1,33
"	"	Joseph Frye,		8	2	21	100	44
"	Intervale	"		1	1	11	275	1,22
"	"	Mark Stacy,			1	40	200	89
"	"	Ezra Carter,		19	1	10	120	53
Lane & Usher,	sup'd o'n'r,	S. Frye,		24	1	50		
"	John Russell,			22	1	51	1200	5,33
"	Mark Stacy,			23	1	55		
With the buildings on the same,								
Thos. Farrington,	sup'd owner Daniel Farrington, N. E. corner,			5		8	80	26
Owner unknown,	Simeon Frye,			4	6		80	13
"	Ezekiel Walker,			42	6		20	8
"	Jos. Frye,			41	6		20	8
"	Jos. Hazeltine,			49	6		20	8
"	John Webster,			57	6		20	8
"	Moses Amer,			34	6		20	8
"	John Chandler,			61	6		20	8
"	Moses Day,			27	6		20	8
Oliver Whitney,	Mos Day, woods & meadow,				1	10	100	44
Heirs of Uriah H. Davis,	House Lot near Kimball Brook,						80	13
Owner unknown,	Moses Day,			19	1	10	150	66

One piece bounded on the South East by Lovell Pond, on the North by Lot No. 28, E. Walker, on the South by Abel Chandler, No. 29, 15 75 33

One piece bounded on the North by Kezer Pond, on the East by Ezra Carter, No. 1, and on the West by Sixth Division, No. 57, John Webster, 5 19 8

One piece South of Saco River, bounded on the South by No. 9, Andrew McMillan, West and North by No. 10, James Hazeltine, and East by No. 14, Andrew McMillan, 15 56 25

All other common and undivided land within the town, 75 33

And unless said taxes with all necessary intervening charges shall be paid to me on or before Saturday, the twenty-seventh day of July next, so much of said land will be sold at Public Auction on said day, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, at the Store of J. O. McMillan in Fryeburg as will discharge the same.

JOSHUA B. OSGOOD, Collector.

Fryeburg, March 30, 1839. 3m 34

Public Notice.

NOTICE is hereby given that Solomon Charles conveyed, by deed of Mortgage, dated September 16, A. D. 1822, to the undersigned, ANN A. BARROWS then and now wife of the undersigned, JOHN S. BARROWS, a certain tract or parcel of Land, situated in *Bradley and Eastman's Grant, so called*, now in the town of Stow in the County of Oxford, containing one hundred and fifty acres, more or less. For a particular description of the premises, reference may be had to the *District Registry of Deeds* in said County, Book 12, page 455. The condition of said Deed having been broken, by reason thereof the undersigned claim to foreclose said mortgage as provided by the Laws of this State.

JOHN S. BARROWS,
ANN A. BARROWS.

Fryeburg, April 10th, 1839. 3w36

FOUND.

IN the road near Levi Rawson's, about one mile north of Paris-Hill, the 31st ult., a BEAR SKIN, supposed to have been dropped from the carriage of some traveller. The owner can have the same by proving property and paying for this Advertisement on application at this Office.

April 1, 1839.

Freedom.

THIS may certify that I have this day given my son JAMES L. SHACKLEY his time, with power to act and trade for himself during his minority; and that I shall claim none of his earnings nor pay any debt or debts of his contracting after this date.

JOSEPH SHACKLEY.

Norway, April 22, 1839. *4w36

SOMETHING TO

THINK ABOUT.

PAIN cannot exist but from *Corrupt Particles* being created in the identical part, where the pain is experienced. These corrupt particles when in great volume (quantity) are the *Positive cause of death*.

It is a solemn truth that corruption terminates the existence of all created beings; the importance of its speedy removal from the body, when by any causes it has accumulated, is therefore self evident; not only *Health*, but existence, being absolutely endangered by its existence.

Let us then acknowledge that the only sure means of preventing and curing disease, is the speedy removal of *Corrupt Humors* from the body. *Disease* being only another name for *Corruption*, and *Corruption* or *Corrupt Humors* being identified in all cases as *Impurity of Blood*.

Purgative Medicine, when resorted to in season, that is while there is there is sufficient vitality remaining in the system, will certainly remove corruption; thus the blood is purified; thus chronic diseases and premature death are prevented; thus those whose lives are of the utmost consequence to their country, and families, are often saved.

The importance of this discovery of curing diseases after ages will do justice: Dr. Benjamin Brandreth will not then be stiled an 'ignorant pretender.' But that will neither please nor offend him; in the rectitude of his own acts, in the quiet of his own conscience, is his reward. And he gives this his *solemn pledge* that his medicine shall be always equal to what it ever has been; and that no expense shall be spared in its manufacture—and the making of it he attends to personally.

SYNOPSIS OF FACTS.

BRANDRETH'S PILLS are universally used in every section of this wide extended country where they are made known. Upwards of fourteen thousand cures of cure have been certified as having been effected solely from their use since the introduction of them into the United States establishing the fact beyond all doubt that the Brandreth Pills cure the (apparently) most opposite diseases by the one simple act of continually evacuating the bowels with them, until the disease gives way; therefore, whatever may be said of the *theory*, the *utility* of the *practice* is now *beyond all doubt*.

Dr. B. allows that the curative effect depends on the *Purgative Qualities* of the *Brandreth Pills*; experience and a continuation of experiment for upwards of forty years have made them the most judiciously balanced purge known. Therefore, however long it may be necessary to persevere with them for the removal of any disease, no other than good can possibly result from their use—they are perfectly innocent.

The healthy as well as those suffering from disease should use them—the former to keep their blood pure and vigorous, and the latter to remove all noxious accumulations without weakening the system. The only care that is required is to procure the genuine Brandreth Pills, and you cannot fail to procure the genuine if you take the following advice:

How to be secure from Counterfeits.

Never purchase Brandreth's Pills without being positively sure that the person selling has an *Engraved* certificate of Agency, and observe it has been renewed; no Certificate being any guarantee after twelve months from date that Pills sold by the holder are genuine.

All Pills having Wm. Brandreth on the label, and George Hodgskinson on the edge, are counterfeits, are to *deceive the Public*, and evade the law at the same time.

These, and indeed, *all* counterfeit Pills, if used according to the directions which accompany my Pills, are calculated to DESTROY LIFE. They are made by men having no standing or respectability, without habitation or name—perfectly careless of consequences, provided money is obtained.

[Extract from Dr. B's Address to citizens of the U. S.]

And be careful to remember that I have never authorized pedlars in the United State to sell my Pills. These contemptible *persons* universally sell counterfeits, and that all Tradesmen who are made agents, have each of them a COPPER-PLATE certificate of agency, signed in writing with a pen by me; and which certificate requires renewal every twelve months, it being no guarantee for more than one year from date—observe the date is not WRITTEN, it is ENGRAVED.

B. BRANDRETH, M. D.
241 Broadway, New York.

Dr. B. Brandreth, has at very great expense, established the following offices for the exclusive sale of his Vegetable Universal Pills, which he begs to be understood shall be always equal to what they have been, and that no expense shall be spared in their manufacture. This he guarantees on his honor.

New York, (Principal)—241 Broadway.
Philadelphia—8 North Eighth Street.
Baltimore—80 South Charles Street.
Boston—19 Hanover Street.
Albany—Corner of Green and Hudson Streets.
Pittsburg, Pa.—154 Wood Street.
Cincinnati—119 Main Street.
Louisville, Ky.—89 Fourth Street
St. Louis, Mo—56 1-2 Market Street.
New Orleans—2 Old Levee.
Charleston, S. C.—70 Meeting Street.
Montreal—63 Notre Dame.

Sub Agents in Maine will hereafter receive their supplies from the New England Office

19 HANOVER STREET 19

THE ONLY OFFICE IN BOSTON FOR DR. BENJAMIN BRANDRETH'S VEGETABLE UNIVERSAL PILLS,

Or of MR JOHN O. LANGLEY,

Who is DR. BRANDRETH'S duly authorized Travelling Agent for the State of Maine.

The following are the ONLY Agents in Oxford County furnished with the Genuine Pills. *Buy of them and avoid deception.*

Paris—CROCKER & SHAW.
So. Paris—A. Hall, Jr.
Buckfield—A. F. Cole.
Rumford—Otis C. Lothler.
" Asa Graham.
Dixfield—I. N. & C. Stanley.
Jay—Joel Paine.
Bethel—J. K. Kimball.
Livermore—Britton & Morrison.
" J. Coolidge.
N. " Kimball & Walker.
Woodstock—Welcome Kinsley.
Hartford—Hall & Haines.
Greenwood—Welcome Kinsley.
Albany—Lovejoy & French.
Turner—Philo Clark.
Norway—Judson Goodnow.
Lovell—James Walker.
Waterford—Noyes & Noble.
S. " R. H. Gerry.
Sweden—Benjamin Nevers.
Fryeburg—H. C. Burrell.
Porter—John Higgins.
Hiram—Jose h Butterfield.
Canton Mills—J. M. Deshon.
Oxford—Charles Durell.

B. BRANDRETH, M. D.
241 Broadway, N. Y.
Sole proprietor of Brandreth's Vegetable Universal Pills.
epo1y32

NOTICE.

THE subscriber having disposed of his Stock in trade requests those who have accounts with him to call and settle.

☞ Those whose notes and accounts have been one year standing are *again* reminded that they *must be settled* without *delay* or *further notice*.

FRANCIS BEMIS.

April 11th, 1839. 35

A. K. SHURTLEFF, & CO.

HAVE FOR SALE opposite Messrs. DANA, SMITH & Co.
2 pipes HOLLAND GIN.
2 Hhds St. CROIX RUM.
5 " Jm do do
2 half Pipes COGNAC BRANDY.
3 Hhs. Jm. do do
20 Brs. AM GIN & BRANDY.
6 Casks SICILY WINE.
2 do SHERRY do.
2 do PORT do.

PORTLAND, April 2d, 1839. 6wis34.

BLANKS FOR TOWN ORDERS

FOR sale at this Office.
Feb. 26.

JOB WORK,
NEATLY EXECUTED AT THIS
OFFICE.